

Good Morning 633

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ice Skating is in the News for A.B. Geoff. Skelton



IT was Miss Doris Solomons who called on at 41 Balmoral Road, South Harrow, Middlesex, and even if the name does not sound familiar to anyone else, it should mean something to A.B. Geoff. Skelton.

Doris asked us to tell you, Geoff., that she has given up the idea of going into the W.R.N.S., and instead was starting her new job as a "clippy" the week after our visit.

She also asked us to remind you to send the money for a new outfit, and she did mention something about waiting for some shoes. You will probably understand more about this than we did.

We were asked to thank you for the bananas and to let you know that not one of them was bad. They were so good, in fact, that they had all disappeared long before we called. If you're thinking of paying a few quiet visits to the pictures, of spending an hour or

two in the park, or even lying in bed in the mornings, on your next leave, you're going to be shaken out of all such dreams, unless we miss our guess.

Ever heard of ice-skating, Geoff.? Believe us, it is a very uncomfortable sport, but Doris and Betty recently paid a visit to the Richmond rink, and they have become quite fans, so it looks very much as though you will be in for a very sore time in the future. Don't say we didn't warn you!

Apart from this adventure at the ice rink, Doris has had a quiet time, and she tells us she has been behaving herself lately. She adds that she is hoping to get up to see your mother before long, and meanwhile reports that all your family are well.

Well, that's about all the news there is, Geoff., except that Doris sends her love and wants you home soon, but then, that's no news to you.

Some Talk about A.B. (Uncle Jim) Gould

THERE is a little girl waiting to meet her Uncle Jim at 6 Brook Road, Epping, Essex. Your eighteen-month-old niece, Joan, A.B. Jim Gould, has now started to talk, and she often mentions her uncle, though we're sorry to say she was too shy to do so for us.

Both she and your sister, Margaret, were very well, and your mother was also in the best of health. Margaret's husband, Ern, is expected home in the very near future, and there should be a good family gathering at No. 6.

Gordon recently returned from abroad, and Marjorie's husband, Jack, was home from Holland only a few weeks ago. Cousin Len went into the Army a few weeks ago, and appears to be enjoying the life, by what your mother told us.

Joan still plays with the Scottie dog you sent her, but she and the rest of the family are hoping it won't be long before you can again whistle "Stormy Weather" to her.

Meanwhile, your little niece sends her love and kisses to Uncle Jim.



Eire Revives Trotting

NEW fields for Irish sportsmen may come from the revival of trotting in Ireland. The sport virtually died out in Eire in 1926; but this year the All-Ireland Trotting Association have held many meetings, and it looks as though enthusiasm will once more be roused by the sight of a speeding sulky.

Trotting and pacing are distinct movements from galloping. The pacing horse or pony moves his hind and fore off leg together, and similarly, of course, his hind and fore lead leg. The trotter moves his off fore and lead hind leg together.

These points must be carefully watched by judges to ensure that no galloping takes place in the excitement of a crowded race.

Next technical point for the recruit spectator to note is that there are two types of vehicle used in trotting races or speed trials. The heavier is the "road car," a high-framed vehicle, with tall, wooden wheels. These are bound with solid rubber tyres, and enable the car to do, as its name implies—stand up to hard surface during a road race.

Used for track racing, whether on grass or cinders, is the ultra-fast "sulky," or "speed car," familiarly called a "bike" by the American trotting world. The sulky weighs as little as 28lbs., and any vehicle of this class over 30lbs. is called a speed car. In both the frame is stripped to the bare essentials. Lightweight wheels, with metal spokes and inflated tyres are used. The driver has even a place his feet in stirrups buckled to the shafts in order to save weight.

Chief venue for track-racing in the Dublin area this season has been the Baldonnel Aerodrome, by permission. A warm day on an aerodrome is as rare as strong tea; but some weeks ago the Trotting Association were lucky enough to choose the warmest and sunniest Sunday for several months to hold their competitions.

Here I found the track staked out in the incongruous setting of the airfield. Practising drivers drove their sulkies up and down, past a back-drop of tall aircraft hangers, barbed wire and sentry boxes. A large notice on the control hut ordered, "Taxi Slowly!" At the

In Ireland at the moment there is an acute shortage of trotting ponies and of suitable courses, but in this article GORDON RICH forecasts a big return for the Sport

upper end of the track ponies grazed peacefully beneath a waving wind direction indicator.

The track was laid out in order to provide that each lap was equal to a half-mile, and was oval in shape. Each straight was 200 yards long, while the connecting curves were each 240 yards. The driving portion of the track was 40 feet wide.

There were two races on the day's programme, a One Mile Open Handicap for horses and another for ponies. Both these races were run off in two heats, and a final of two laps each, so six races in all were provided.

Handicapping was a rather complex problem for the beginner, and was carried out by allotting a basic handicap to each starter. This varied from scratch to 350 yards, and entailed starting the competitors at various points around the track.

The drivers in the first race were called to the centre of the field to receive their handicaps, numbers and final instructions. Soon they had steered their restless horses into the various starting positions, each with its own tape.

The starter mounted his stand and a whistle was blown as a "ready" signal. The horses strained forward, the starter saw that all were on their marks, a shot was fired, the tapes dropped, and they were off.

Down the hill they flashed to the lower curve, and with little change of position. By the time they were rounding the second curve the lighter sulkies began to overtake the road cars, and soon gained the lead.

A close duel then developed between the leading sulkies. They swished along at a surprising speed, their light wheels skimming the marking posts, the horses straining for more speed, the drivers intently watching the track. As they crossed the finishing line there was little more than a length between them.

Chief links between the old days of Irish trotting and the present revival are Mr. Joe Horan and Mr. J. Tallon. Mr. Horan's family have been associated with trotting for many years, while Mr. Joe himself was an athletic timekeeper for 25 years, and an outstanding cyclist.

Mr. Tallon is essentially an athletic coach, probably the oldest active coach in the world, for he came up on the revival of 1894. He discovered and trained such men as Charlie Harris, Dr. O'Callaghan and Bert Healion, and his proteges have won countless national and international championships, including two Olympic events and two world records.

Probably the last trotting events of note in this country were the ten-mile matches, at Croke Park and Shelbourne Park, between Mr. Horan's "Kathleen H" and "Sunbeam," and Mr. Ken-

ney's "Miss Keogh," trained by Mr. Tallon.

It seems, then, that in these two men the Trotting Association, which is young and enthusiastic, has able leaders. Both of them go to much pains to organise the present-day trotting, and act as handicappers. Added to the experience and help of these two experts is the driving experience of half-a-dozen old hands at the game. All this should suffice to encourage the aspirants, and there is every hope of putting trotting into the traces once more.

Trotting, at the moment, is essentially an American sport. But its oldest form, chariot racing, took place at the 25th Olympiad, about 680 B.C., and was for two-horse teams. A little later four-horse teams were introduced.

Submariner writes to-day's "Good Morning" Short Story

Beginning on page 2 is a grand two-day football yarn written by an A.B. in H.M.S. "Forth."

We are printing this story solely on its merits, and would welcome the opportunity of publishing other stories written by Submariners.

All stories accepted will be paid for, of course.

The world's most famous trotting match took place in those days at Olympia—the legendary race between Pelops and Enomaus for the hand of Enomaus's daughter, Hippodameia.

The young woman's father appears to have been anxious that she should look after his comfort exclusively, for more than a dozen suitors had been defeated in similar races, slain, and their heads hung up by the jealous father.

Pelops, however, decided to take no chances in his courting of the daughter, so he removed the lynch-pin from his future father-in-law's chariot wheel,

easily winning the vital race when his rival overturned.

The American horse of to-day trots naturally, but it was found that the introduction of the English thoroughbred greatly increased the speed of the American breed. Later it was found that breeding with the Irish thoroughbred hunter increased the stamina to a large extent.

In this way lie the possibility of an Irish trotting pony, for if American mares can be brought to this country, the Irish horse-breeders and the Irish soil should do the rest.

How popular can trotting be made over here? It is hard to say until we have a larger number of trotting ponies to fill the programmes.

Spectacle and atmosphere are a large part of any widely-followed sport, and it is here that American trotting has taken hold of the Southern States. Trotting is life to millions of Americans, and the name of Kentucky and Indiana are synonymous with trotting the world over.

In Ireland at the moment there is an acute shortage of trotting ponies. In order to provide a programme races must be run off in heats, and naturally the horses must be rested by leaving a

reasonable interval between heat and final. A heat lasts about two and a half minutes, and between that and the next heat there may be an intermission of half an hour.

Such an interval may not be unduly long on a racecourse where there is much to occupy the spectators. At the moment, however, the various amenities of the organised racecourse are not available to the trotting spectator, for trotting cannot find a home.

To allow ample speed with safety the curves of the track must be at least 150 yards round, so such likely venues as Lansdown Road, the R.D.S., and Croke Park are ruled out, even if they were available. The Phoenix Park appears to offer the possible solution to such a problem.

Problem it is, for trotting must be housed and dressed for the part if it is to provide, as it should, another splendid Irish contribution to the history of the horse.



"'Ear that? He says 'e knows they've lost the war! And them that finds it are quite welcome to keep it!"

BOUQUETS just make us feel foolish . . . BRICKBATS are what we really enjoy. So let's hear from you.

Address:
"Good Morning,"
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Admiralty, London, S.W.1

THE GAME AND THE GAMBLE

By A/B S. G. Parker

IT was not often that Betty Carrington was unhappy—in fact, it was a most unusual occurrence. Betty's life, as a rule, was one long series of happy days with almost every moment brimming over with interest and pleasure, and it was seldom that she had not a song on her lips, or a cheerful word and a winning smile for some member of her family or for one of her very large circle of friends.

On this particular morning, however, it was plain to all who met her that the usually cheerful Betty was not herself. At the breakfast table she was silent and preoccupied, and throughout the day she continued to appear anxious, and even gloomy.

Jerry Druessdale, her footballer fiancé, who kept goal for Reivesfield Town and made a bee-line for Betty's company whenever his football and periods of training left him a little leisure, was surprised and perturbed when he called that evening, and she greeted him with a worried frown instead of

her usual radiant smile and glad cries of welcome.

"Jerry," she whispered, as he stepped into the vestibule of the small cottage which was the home of the Carrington family, "I'm so glad you came! I'm worried—terribly worried! It's about some money. I had to confide in somebody, and there was nobody else I could talk to. I can't talk here—mother and dad will hear me. Come for a walk, and I'll tell you all about it!"

For a few minutes they walked in silence, but Jerry, considerably slowing down his long, athletic strides to suit the walking pace of his fiancée, waited in patience until she was ready to overcome her obvious agitation, and to explain to him exactly what was its cause.

"I've been gambling," she said at last, looking guiltily up at him.

"Pooh! Is that all?" said Jerry, with amusement and a touch of contempt in his voice.

"It's worse than you know!" said Betty miserably. "I've gambled thirty pounds—every penny I've been saving for years! It all started with that Janey Benson at the office. She said all kinds of horrible, spiteful things about you—that you were only a third-rate goalkeeper, playing for a third-rate team, who were losing week after week and that you would never make good at all. She gave a nasty sniggering laugh, and said that she was sorry for the beating Marlsdon Rangers would give you on Saturday."

"I stood up for you, and said that I could see no reason why the Town shouldn't beat Marlsdon anyway."

"She sneered then, and told me that if I had so much confidence in my precious Jerry Druessdale, that bookmaker person in the High Street was betting three to one that Marlsdon Rangers would win. She said she didn't suppose I really believed you had a chance, and she would not believe it either, as she was sure I would take good care not to bet, even though the odds were so favourable."

"I know it was a mad, crazy thing to do, but her nasty sneering manner exasperated me so much—and I really do believe in you, and it made me furious that she should think I didn't. I just didn't stop to think—I drew all my money from the bank that night on my way home from the office."

"I told our young Billy, swore him to absolute secrecy, and sent him round to the book-

maker that same evening. And it was the money that I had been saving towards our home," she ended unhappily.

Jerry, his amusement completely dispelled, was gentle and sympathetic, and said and did everything he possibly could to console her. "After all," he said finally, "as you told that cat of a Benson woman, there really is no reason why we should not win, and anyway, I think it was fine of you to have such faith in me. Believe me, Betty, I'll do everything a human being can to justify it, and to save your money."

"If those boys from Marlsdon win on Saturday, it will be over my dead body!"

She seemed a little more happy after that, but Jerry himself was more concerned than he allowed her to know. He thought of the poor record of the impoverished Reivesfield Town, how they had been hard-hit by injuries and poor gate receipts and could not afford the transfer fees of any really useful players. As their standard of play had degenerated, so the luke-warm enthusiasm of their supporters had dwindled, until a veritable depression had set in. Reivesfield Town had begun to lose matches to their more fortunate rivals with monotonous regularity.

Then he reflected upon the vastly different fortunes of Marlsdon Rangers. They had begun the season as a typical Second Division team, comfortably placed about the middle of the league table—not brilliant, but steady and workmanlike, with a useful home record. Unlike the Town, they had been fortunate enough to keep almost exactly the same eleven together throughout the season, and each man had gradually developed a perfect understanding with his team-mates.

This satisfactory state of

affairs in the Marlsdon Rangers' camp had not been noticed at first but one Saturday afternoon it became suddenly very apparent to the whole of the football world.

The Rangers visited Winstanley Villa, who were far ahead of all their rivals, and whose promotion to the First Division was regarded as almost a certainty. It came as a shock to all the critics, and ruined the forecasts of innumerable "coupon fans," when Marlsdon Rangers administered a smashing 4-1 defeat to their redoubtable opponents.

Their manager, delighted, had spoken to the Marlsdon players in their dressing-room after the match, and had told them that, although their chance of promotion was only slight, it was still a possibility, and he strongly urged them to do everything in their power to gain one of those two coveted places at the head of the table.

From that day a new confidence and enthusiasm had spread like wildfire through the entire team. Their kit and equipment had been renewed, the methods of training improved, and team after team would find themselves defeated by these keen, swiftly moving young men from Marlsdon.

In his mind, Jerry gloomily compared the team with a machine that had been thoroughly overhauled, cleaned and oiled and was now running smoothly and with almost 100 per cent. efficiency. However, the money which his impulsive little fiancée had so readily jeopardised would be lost unless the seeming miracle happened, and the lowly and rather dispirited Reivesfield Town managed to avert disaster on Saturday afternoon.

The day of the match was ideal for football—bright, but cool and though there was a slight breeze it was so gentle

that it could make little or no difference to the run of the play.

As the time of the kick-off drew near streams of spectators could be seen approaching Oakley Park, Marlsdon's spacious ground, from every direction. The terracing was almost entirely filled, the enclosure crowded to capacity, and there seemed to be very few vacant seats in the towering stands which flanked the eastern side of the ground.

It was a happy, eager crowd, too; the supporters of Marlsdon Rangers had been quick to catch the wave of enthusiasm which had spread through the team itself. Stentorian voices were yelling "Play up, the Rangers!" from every quarter of the ground, and at intervals there was a lusty chorus of "One, two, three, four, five, six!"—a pointed allusion to the margin of six clear goals by which their favourites had trounced Burnden Albion, the last visitors to Oakley Park.

Since that day, a 1-0 victory in a keenly contested mid-week game away from home had placed Marlsdon fourth in the table. With a game in hand, they were now but three points behind their two nearest rivals, who were bracketed together in a keen race for the much-coveted prize of promotion. Marlsdon had yet to meet each of these two rivals at Oakley Park and with their chance to peg back each in turn it was realised in the Rangers' camp that the promotion which had seemed so remote was now a distinct possibility.

Jerry, as he donned his green sweater in the dressing-room, realised to the full how much depended upon his goalkeeping abilities that afternoon.

He reflected gloomily that Reivesfield Town, as a team, seemed like the wandering min-

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A tuffer is a kind of brush, carpet, staghound, wild pony, fur collar?
2. What very common wildflower is variously known as Servoise, Goat-tree, Caprifole, Cernoye?
3. What is "pound cake"?
4. What are the meanings of the girls' names: (a) Iris, (b) Mabel?

5. What is the difference between (a) comic opera, (b) opera comique?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—29, 31, 17, 27, 23, 19, 37.

Answers to Quiz in No. 632

1. Flourish of trumpets.
2. Hawthorn (May).
3. (a) Absorb. (b) Secret, mystic.
4. (a) Handmaid or bearded. (b) Alluring, dazzling.
5. Dance to it.
6. Colon consists of two marks; others of one each.

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



REMEMBER "Pa" Petersen, the man in the corner whenever Jack Petersen, former British heavy-weight boxing champion was in the ring? "Pa" was found dead from a heart attack in his physical culture and health institute in St. John's Square, Cardiff.

An aggressive, debonair character, "Pa" was a great P.T. expert, and trained many noted fighters, including the redoubtable Jim Driscoll. "Pa" was 59, but he always looked spruce and much younger than his years.

A few years ago he got into an argument with a man in a bus queue. That led to his appearance in court, where he was accused of having bitten off part of a man's ear! Jack Petersen, now an Army captain, is engaged in physical training in the Army at home.

★

"WE denounce the mania as distinctive of the country in a thousand particulars—the whole face of the Kingdom is to be tattooed with these odious deformities; huge mounds are to intersect our beautiful valleys; the noise and stench of locomotive steam-engines are to disturb the quietude of the peasant, the farmer and the gentleman; and roaring of bullocks, the bleating of sheep and the grunting of pigs to keep up one continued uproar through the night along the lines of these most dangerous and disfiguring abominations."—John Bull, November 18th, 1835.

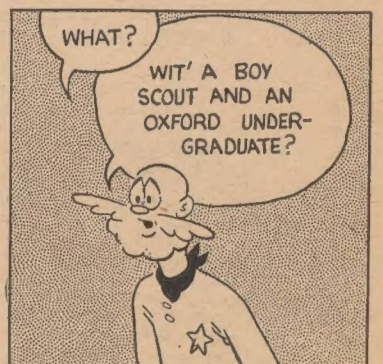
★

A FAMOUS Plymouth policeman, just retired, is Tom Dimmick, known to everyone in town as "Punch."

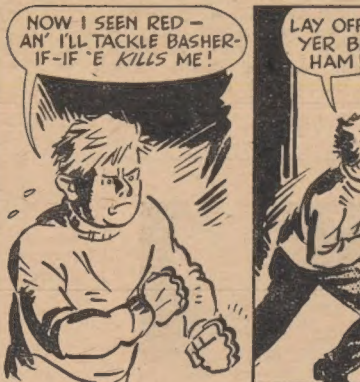
"Punch" has controlled traffic at the busiest corners for the past twenty years.

His ruddy complexion and prominent nose earned him his nickname in his early days, and his genial smiling manner helped to make it stick.

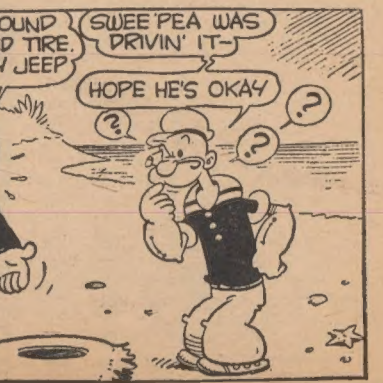
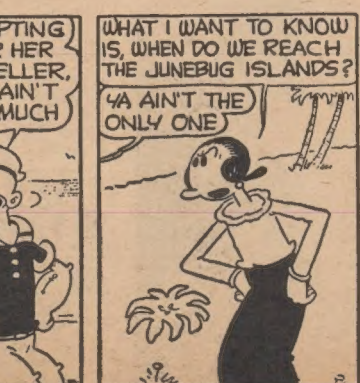
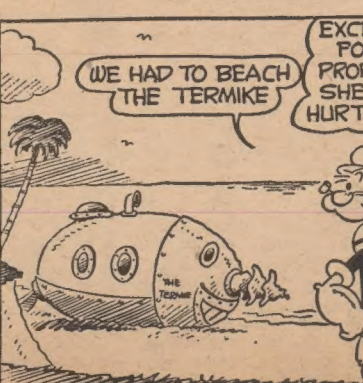
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 572

1. Behead not here and get the means of going somewhere else.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Het helwi hiness hya nus kame.*
3. What European capital has NH for the exact middle of its name?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: I decided to — on the gate at the end of the —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 571

1. M-ode.
2. Time heals all wounds.
3. Stockholm.
4. Shoe, hose.

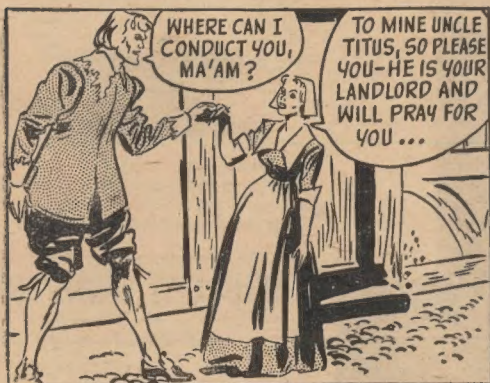
JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Tap me sentimentally!—that reminds me of when I was rapturously returning to Much Cackeling from the Cheese Pies for my first Easter holidays—swollen with pride and nougat...



CLUES ACROSS.—1 New. 6 Warble. 10 Unmask. 11 Girl's name. 12 Liquid measure. 13 Book. 15 S-moulding. 16 Fish. 17 Sham. 19 Ship's company. 20 Burst of rain. 21 Ankle covering. 24 Vivacity. 26 Golden eagle. 27 Fish. 29 Coloured horses. 31 Opened. 33 Feeds fire. 34 Declining. 35 Very small. 36 Fragrance.

CLUES DOWN.—2 Rule. 3 root out. 4 Lark. 5 Garden tool. 6 Space of time. 7 Exclude. 8 Counting. 9 Thrash. 12 Idler. 14 Reading desk. 16 Smears. 18 Grow old. 22 Occurred. 23 Projection for mortice. 25 Big spoon. 28 Domestic animal. 30 Firmament. 32 Pennyweight.

The Game and the Gamble

(Continued from Page 2)

streel in the song—"a thing of threads and patches." Their younger players had little experience, and their more seasoned men were nearly all losing a little of their youthful agility. Week after week it seemed that only the sterling work of burly Bill Downes, the centre-half and captain, plus Jerry's quick eye and capable hands, had kept the scores of Town's opponents within anything resembling respectable bounds. Marlsdon, Jerry realised, would prove an exceptionally tough proposition. They realised to the full that in so close a race for promotion, the issue might well be finally decided by goal average, and their avowed policy was both to keep their own goal intact, and to score as many goals themselves as possible. This policy had, in recent weeks, been made all too painfully apparent to the various teams who had visited Oakley Park.

Jerry grew somewhat apprehensive as he thought of these things and of how eager Betty had been to stake her entire fortune upon the Town's ability to win that afternoon. His usually cheerful grin was missed by his team-mates as he silently and resolutely prepared for the fray.

"We'll have to pull something special out of the bag this afternoon, chaps," said Phil Downes, with rather forced cheerfulness. "These fellows mean business!"

"Too true!" grunted Jerry, as he looked up from his boots which he had just finished lacing.

A moment later Phil Downes had mustered his own eleven, and an equally resounding cheer greeted the red-jerseyed figures of Reivesfield Town as they emerged on to the field of play.

Phil won the toss, but the turf was so level, and the breeze so slight, that there was little or no advantage to be gained from this initial success.

The roar which greeted the kick-off grew to a crescendo as the home team swept down the field in a swift, cleverly concerted attack, and before the first minute of play had elapsed, Jerry had to fling himself full-length to turn a vicious "daisy-cutter" around the post for a corner. The Marlsdon left-wing man placed the ball very cannily into the midst of the crowd of heads, which were bobbing about in the goalmouth, and Jerry had to punch out two dangerous headers in quick succession before Phil Downes finally relieved the pressure with a mighty, kick national.

Very soon there came another roar from the home team supporters as one of the Marlsdon forwards manoeuvred himself into a shooting position, but there was not a great deal of power behind his shot, and Jerry caught the ball neatly in his gloved hands and booted it out of danger once more.

A few moments later there was a thrill at the other end of the field, when Jimmy Bradshaw, the Town centre-forward intercepted a pass in midfield, and by sheer dogged determination managed to worm his way right through into the penalty area. He launched every ounce of his twelve stone of solid bone and muscle behind a terrific drive at the top corner of the net, but the Marlsdon goalie was worthy of all his team's traditions, and roused the crowd to a frenzy of delight by making a save that would have done credit to an international.

Marlsdon, stung by this sudden challenge, attacked once more, and a brisk passing movement, ended in their centre-forward launching a terrific drive, which rattled the crossbar and rebounded high into the terracing beyond, scattering a number of spectators and dislodging the bowler hat of a large and florid gentleman who was cheering like mad for Marlsdon.

Jerry had scarcely taken the goal-kick before he was forced to dive full-length to trap another hard low shot which was heading straight towards the bottom right-hand corner of the net.

For a fraction of a second he held the ball at arm's length, then drew it beneath his body in the very nick of time as the white-shirted Rangers' inside-right tore furiously past the spot where the leather had just been, only to find himself thwarted, and sprawling full-length in the back of the net.

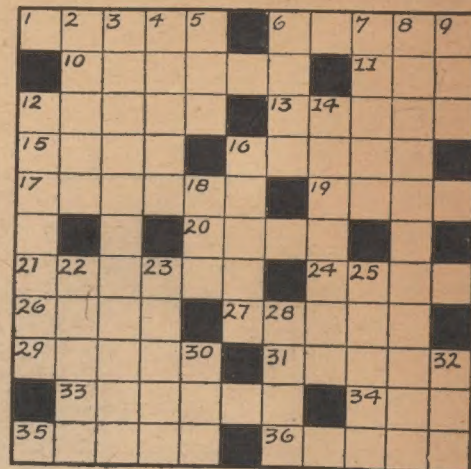
READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.



"But I keep telling you—you get 'Turkish Delight' in the sweetshops!"

CROSS-WORD CORNER

ASK FAG AFS
WHEELBARROW
NIPPY POISE
INTO R VASE
NY CRETE ET
G CHAFERS L
SIR WON HAY
RED R EEN
VACUUMBRAKE
OTHER EARLY
WEE NAG SEE



Good Morning

"YOUR BILL, SIR"



Hardened old expense account hounds as we are, we have to admit that we turned pale when presented with this bill. Why, if the Savoy sees this one, they'll be green with envy!

GOOD AT FIGURES? Here is a picture to interest the mathematically-minded members of the class. The question is, how many feet go to the pole? We answered up brightly, "Eight." But we knew we were wrong when Teacher reminded us with a nasty look in her eye that one pole equalled a rod. While working it out you may like to know that round the pole are Elaine Riley, Rosemary La Planche, Dorothy Maloney and Barbara Hale.



CAMERAMAN LOOKS IN AT PORTUGAL



We know he went there solely for the port, but he sent this picture back to add to the series of World-wide Pin-Ups.



Well, they should know something about beer in Kent — where the hops come from! And, believe us, they know quite a lot about it at the "Eight Bells," at Hawkhurst, in Kent. The last time we had a pint there we certainly had no complaints to make. As though we would ever complain about beer!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

